

MARVEL
10th June 89

THE REAL

Nº52 40p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

BACK OFF, SPOOK!
WE'RE THE **REAL**
NUMBELY
BELTSHAVERS!!

THAT'S EASY
FOR HIM TO
SAY!





Ugg! Oooga ugg, thump! Welcome to issue 52 of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, an absolute *dinosaur* of a comic! Yes, this week kicks off in style with a story of *prehistoric paranormals* and *club-wielding cavemen* on the rampage! In short, it's a **Neanderthal Nightmare!** The kind of phenomena, in fact, which only our ghost-busting heroes are equipped to cope with! As if this wasn't enough to cause confusion, our spook-spotting team find that they have some trouble pronouncing their wurbles pribubly in **Bubbletilt or Bust!** Even Egon? Well, you'll just have to see. It's not often that our brainy buster has difficulties in this department! He also manages to make something of a spectacle of himself in **Trouble Vision!** *Blinded with science*, I'd say! Anyway, read on and see what's in store!

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Cover by **ANTHONY WILLIAMS** and **DAVE HARWOOD**
Editor **STUART BARTLETT** Assistant Editor **PERI GODBOLD**
Spiritual Guide **DAN ABNETT**



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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE



JANINE MELNITZ



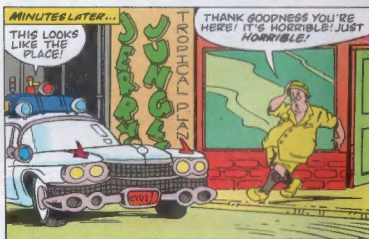
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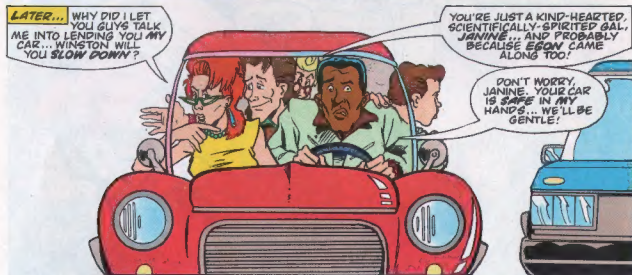
THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

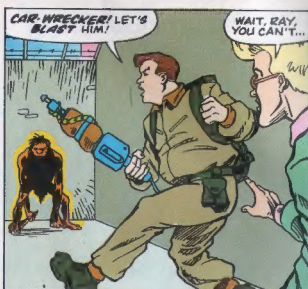
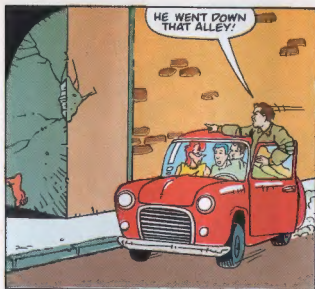


NEANDERTHAL NIGHTMARE!





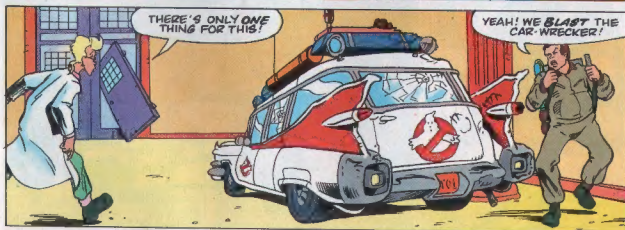
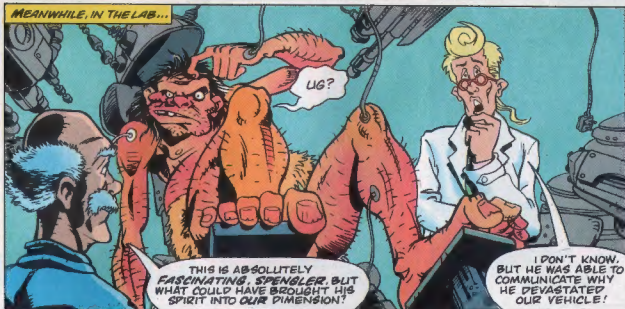


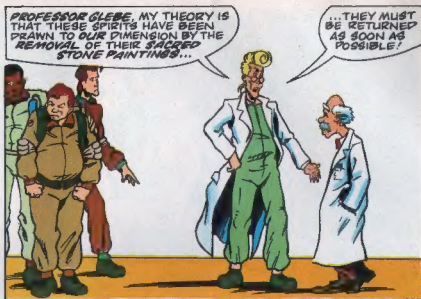


A FEW DAYS LATER...

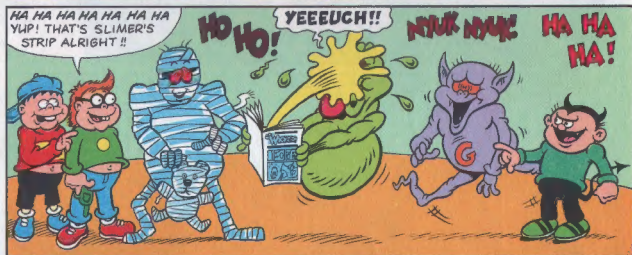
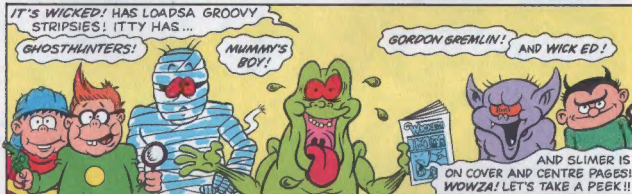
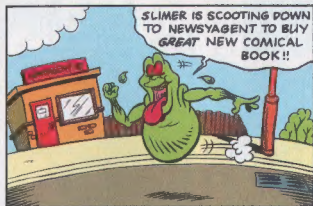


MEANWHILE, IN THE LAB...









ON SALE NOW!

WICKED!

SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



I'm afraid Alice Chipmunk of Ontario will have to wait a little longer for me to examine her haunted radishes – this instalment of the Guide will be devoted to a stop-press exposé of a brand new ghost-type discovered by us Ghostbusters. Sorry, Alice . . . radishes soon.

UPDATE UPDATE

I've covered gremlins before, including a recent update (Guide forty-three) on the mutational variants of the Gremlin species. Following our bust in the records vaults of City Hall this week, I find it's now time to update the update and bring it up to date.

TEXTUAL NOTE

In the past, I have been criticized quite often for being too technical in my Guide notes. Lot's of people have said so. Well, some have said so . . . well, Peter says so, anyway. In an effort to print the maximum elucidation ('Who's she?' asks Peter) I will provide explanatory notes in brackets as I go along. These explanatory notes for the layman are composed by Dr Peter Venkman. So blame *him*, okay?

CLASS SIX NOMENCLATURE RESTRUCTURING QUASI- GREMLINS

This new form of Gremlin sub-species was tracked and examined in the second basement of the records division of New York City Hall last Wednesday (i.e. in the darkest, smelliest cellar in the world on

PART 52

a day when I'd rather be shooting pool and lazing in front of the TV). It's PKE reading went straight up into the 446 kilo-watt cycle range, with further fluctuations around 457 cycles on a variable curve (i.e. our PKE gizmos went 'whoopwhoop' a wheeeeeiiiiikkkk plut plut whoop' and the little needles went on the frizz. Then they went 'ikikikikikik bleeeeeet ikik ik plut'. Sort of.). As we approached the target, they increased exponentially up to 658 cycles, placing the target well in the Class Six category (i.e. as we got nearer, there were about three more 'pluts' to every 'whoop', and it went on like that until I turned my gizmo off because it was bugging me.).

The target revealed itself to be a small ecto-grotesque lesser demonic (i.e. an ugly little son


of a gun) with an ecto-prismatic value of 7.2 (i.e. it was sick-green, for crying out loud!). On the acoustic side, it's audio broadcasts seemed to be the product of repeated inhalations through a binary palpitory resonator (i.e. it made this dumb honking sound through its nose). It's olfactory point ratio was well in excess of level D4 (i.e. it smelt worse than you can possibly imagine).

The Class Six was gifted with the power to restructure nomenclature as to eradicate any memory trace of a previous identity from both human and written records (i.e. it made you forget your own handle, and gave you a new, dumb one to play around with. It renamed you, okay?). The manipulative powers it exhibited make it reminiscent of *Babblers* (see Issue four for details) but a laboratory examination of it's ecto-atomic composition shows it to be closely allied to the Gremlin species (i.e. it seemed a bit like a Babbler in the way it made up words, but actually the little creep was a gremlin). For the record, the ecto-atomic composition was a 400 neutron spiral of agitated ectoplasmic fabric (i.e. under the ectoscope it looked like a lot of day-glo pink ants dancing the polka on a waffle).

I hope this explanation has made this important new discovery clear to all (i.e. do you care out there? I don't, let me tell you . . .)

BUBBLETILT OR BUST!



Story DAN ABNETT  ANTHONY WILLIAMS and DAVE HARWOOD

Peter and Egon confront a ghastly gremlin that's been making rather a name for himself . . . and a few other people as well!

"Is that two 'g's?" asked Janine bravely, but her question was lost in Peter's hysterical laughter.

"Nudspugglie?" Peter exploded. "Did you say your name was Jebediah Nudspugglie?"

The plump and rather coy-looking man on the other side of the desk in the Buster's office shifted uncomfortably in his seat. He looked like a David Smith, or a good solid John Jones. Maybe a Martin Brown on an exciting day. But definitely not a Jebediah Nudspugglie.

"I realise", said the man, "that my name is the cause of some hilarity and mirth, which is one of the reasons I've come to you . . ."

"Oh, don't worry," said Janine, trying to be soothing and casting Peter a filthy 'can't-you-see-the-poor-man's-suffering' look, "We're used to crazy sounding words in here! You should hear some of the things our Mr. Spengler comes out with! Boy!"

Peter tried to straighten out his face. He'd laughed so much, his jaw ached. "Tell me again what you're problem is . . . er . . . Jeb."

"My name isn't really Jebediah Nudspugglie," the man began. "I did used to have a normal, unfunny name. But overnight, it changed. I woke up and found my name was Jebediah Nudspugglie. In my driver's licence, on my mail, even in my memory — I can't remember what my old name was! It was dreadful, so I went to the records office in City Hall to find out what my name had been, and found it had been changed there too. I'm sure there's some supernatural force at work in the records vaults of city hall, changing people's names to utterly silly ones by phantom deed poll. I'm sure of it . . . and I have here a list of others who are convinced too. It's happened to nine thousand other people, and they all signed this petition trying to get you to

help us in our plight."

Nudspugglie handed the sheaf of paper to Peter. "Bobbiewimpsscottbucket?"

Peter exploded again, "Doggersibling Underfrantpilfer? Cherrybuttonear Lobgently?"

"Will you take the case?" asked Nudspugglie over Peter's hollers of laughter.

"Only when I get my breath back!" Peter replied.

Egon looked at the bleeping PKE meter and eyed Peter seriously.

"Nearly off the scale — we've got a pretty active number down here!"

"Well, let's get him!" urged Peter. "I can think of better places to spend an afternoon than in a damp dark cellar full of row after row after row of filing racks, full of all the names that have ever been in the New York State area."

"Okay," said Egon, pulling open the nearest filing rack, "Let's see if our name buster has been at work in here."

He pulled out a file, as Peter shone the torch over his shoulder.

"Dimplytritepants Foggerthrod?"

"Pattspats Arnowhelk?"

"Nibblevroom Bequesterpole? I think we're onto him!" Egon replaced the file.

"Are you going to help or are you going to sit there giggling all day?"

"Sorry, Egon," sniggered Peter.

"That's all right," replied Egon. "But do try to keep a sense of proportion, Bubbletilt."

"What did you call me?" squealed Peter.

"Bubbletilt Varnishhoover, of course!" snapped Egon.

"Don't you see? It's happened to me too now!" yelled Bubbletilt. "Which means the spook must be in the filing racks under . . . under . . . what was my real name? Egon! What was my real name?"

"Varnishhoover? No! I can't remember!" Egon panicked.

"No! It was only a moment ago! What



was it? We must be able to remember! I don't want people to call me Bubbletilt!" he wailed.

"Why? It's not that much sillier than Venkman..." replied Egon.

"That's it!" bellowed Bubbletilt Venkman. "To the 'V's! Move it! Quick!"

They ran as fast as they could to the 'V' section of the records, in time to see an unearthly green light flit down the rows ahead of them.

"I hope my auntie Tabitha Woodchurch isn't too fond of her name!" cried Egon as they gave chase.

"Why?" yelled back Bubbletilt Venkman. "Because it's heading for the 'W's!"

"There!" screamed Bubbletilt Venkman as they rounded the corner into the closing stages of the alphabet. A small but demented spook, like a cross between a pekinese and a luminous green hat stand, was perched on one of the open drawers, a file in hand.

"That's our spook," cried Egon, "Or my auntie's name is Bathshaver Belchka-boose!"

"So all the names returned to normal when you busted it?" asked Ray.

"That's right," replied Egon. "It was a pretty straight forward entrapment, but the spook was new. A further sub-species of Gremlin, previously un-classified. There are papers to be written on this!"

"Well," said Janine, turning to their client, "I'm just glad everything's back to normal and everybody's got their real name back, aren't you Mr... er...?" The plump client looked sad. "Mr Edward Gargantiblops."

The Ghostbusters looked at him in horror, all except Peter, of course, who had collapsed on the floor by this time.

"How was I to know," moaned Gargantiblops, "that my real name was as silly as my new one? I couldn't remember could I?"

"Gargantiblops..." murmured Janine, "Is that two 'g's...?"



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!

Dare you read on?



Have you ever considered the possibility, dear reader, of the prospect of being able to make friends with a ghost? Well, such things have occurred and this is precisely what happened to a certain Mrs. Rugless.

This lady lived in a three-hundred year old farmhouse in the West English county of Devon. It was in this house that Mrs. Rugless was to befriend the ghosts of two children!

"There's nothing frightening or creepy about them. I'm very fond of children, having had four of my own. They're more than welcome."

Okay, so perhaps this doesn't seem to be all that chilling and terrifying! But, it is a fact that when Mrs. Rugless and her husband moved into the house, noises appeared

from the bedroom immediately and their pet cat and dog refused to go anywhere near the room!

The children did, however, appear to be quite well-behaved. When the noise of their play became too excessive, Mrs. Rugless shouted out, "Children! Please play more quietly!" One day she heard them jumping around on the landing and so shouted for them to stop from the hallway. Which they did. As Mrs. Rugless said, "Of course, in their day children were taught to be more obedient."

Some time after the family had moved in, a friend of theirs, who had an interest in psychic phenomena visited them on holiday. When Mrs. Rugless asked her if she felt there was anything strange about the house, she replied that she felt the spirits of two girls,

aged about four or five, were present in the house and that their names began with an 'E' and 'A'. She also added that the ghostly girls appeared to be friends, rather than being related in any way.

Mrs. Rugless was so intrigued by this that she decided to call in the help of the local vicar, the Rev. Frederick Gilbert. Having checked the parish records, he discovered that two four-year old girls, belonging to the same family had died in the house: one named Elizabeth who died in 1844 and one named Ann, who had died in 1902. Mr. Gilbert said, "It may seem odd that they should be playmates, but we have our own limited concept of time which may mean nothing to them."



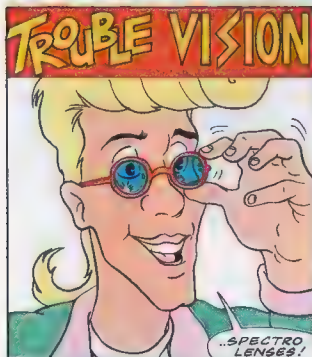
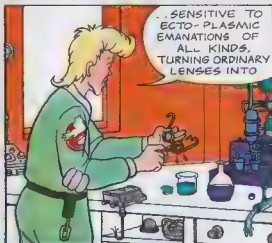
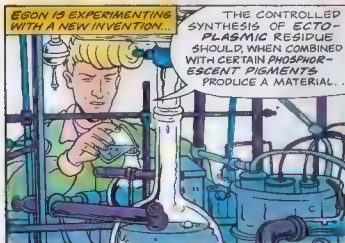
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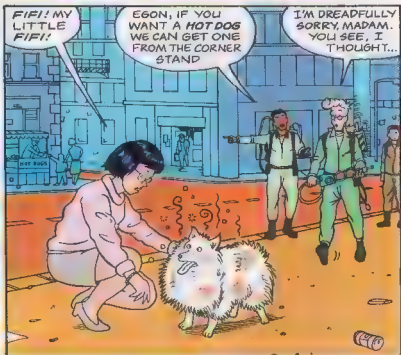
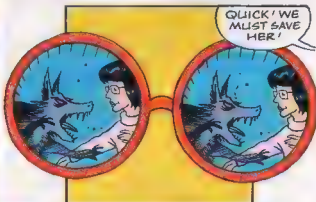
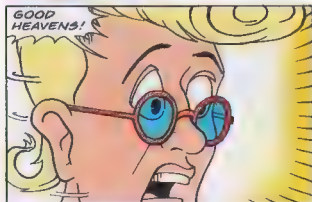
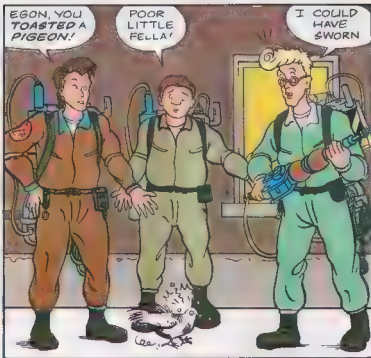
This young creature certainly had a sting in her tail when she applied for the job of temporary secretary at the Ghostbusters' HQ, when Janine was away. The reason for this was that she was, in fact, a mermaid, who went by the name of Wanda. The fishy female actually had the ability to appear as a normal human being when she so had the inclination. This is precisely what she did, too, for she beguiled Peter to the point that he neglected his

ghostbusting duties. There's sometimes more to a person than first meets the eye. Gills and scales, for example. So poor Peter was destined to find out that she was the proverbial 'beast from twenty thousand leagues or more under the sea.' Still, there are always plenty more fish in the sea! Or so they say . . .



THE REAL STBUSTERS™







CLASSIFIED ♦

**MAIL
ORDER**

GH^{OST} WRITING!



Howdy there, my little minions of the ectoplasmic. Go on, cheer me up and send me a letter!

Dear Peter...

Please can you tell me:

1. How much food does Slimer get through in a week?
2. Does Slimer ever go shopping?
3. How did Egon become a scientist?

— Marc Powney, Dulwich

Thank you for your questions, Marc. 1. Slimer gets through as much food as we let him, basically. I hate to think how much the little guy could get through if he was given a free rein! 2. Can you imagine the chaos that Slimer would cause in a busy store? I think it would be something like a prize-winner on a minute trolley-dash! 3. Egon became a scientist in the usual way that people become scientists: he studied hard and did his exams!

Why doesn't Slimer fall through seats when he sits down?

— Matthew Cross, Fareham

When Slimer sits down he only appears to be sitting down. He is in fact, hovering, but he likes to do things the way he did when he was alive.

I have some questions for you:

1. How old is Janine and does she like blue-eyed people?!!
2. Why does Egon tell you everything except for the answer when you ask him a question?
3. Does Slimer go to the toilet? He must need to digest all that food he eats!

By the way, I like your comic very much. I think **Dead True!** is a good idea (especially the one with the maggot and the postman!).

— Matthew Hodge, Pucklechurch

Thanks for your letter, Matthew. Glad you like the comic. 1. There's one thing you should know about women: never ask their age! As for the blue eyes, between you and me, she likes the colour of Egon's eyes! 2. Egon tends to get distracted from burning issues at hand, because he has such a hyperactive mind. He thinks so deeply about everything that he tends to talk around the subject! 3. Really! What a question! Slimer doesn't as far as we know, go to the toilet in the conventional manner. He transforms his food into ectoplasmic energy.

Please can you tell me:

1. Have you ever dealt with the Bermuda Triangle? If so, was it frightening?
2. If you weren't a Ghostbuster what would you like to be?

— Ryan McLaren, Dundee

1. Well, we've been on the ship, the SS Bermuda Triangle a couple of times, but we haven't strictly had to deal with any of the strange disappearances and the like which have happened there. Perhaps we ought to think of taking Slimer there for a holiday! Just kidding, Ryan! 2. If I wasn't a fully-fledged Ghostbuster, I think it would be my calling to be an actor. I have all the charm and the good looks, so...

I have some questions for you.

1. Why don't you bite the Marshmallow Man?
2. Why did you let Slimer stay in your HQ?
3. In 'Slimer Come Home' it said that you love Slimer deep down. Why don't you show it?

— Richard Meel, Fareham

Thanks for your questions, 1. Excuse me, but did you say "bite"? Yes, I thought so. Well, I don't think he'd taste too good, do you? I mean can you imagine it? Ugghh. 2. Slimer was allowed to stay in our HQ because it was felt that he would be of great use to us, seeing as we are scientists. Having a real live ghost in residence can be kind of interesting! 3. How am I supposed to show my feelings when you can't see me for all that slime!

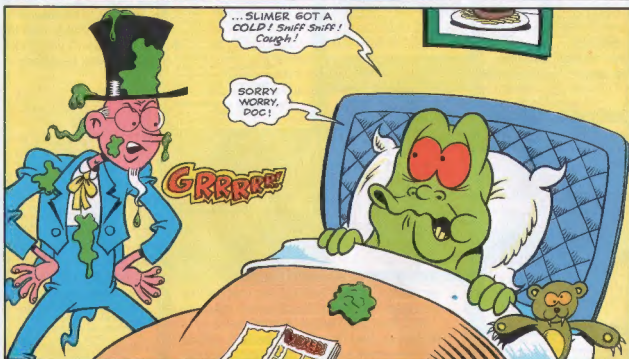
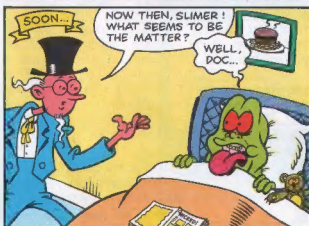
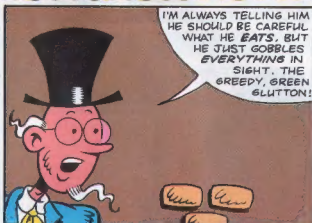
Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

BLIMEY!
IT'S...

SLIMER!



DOCTOR HECTOR IS ON HIS WAY TO SEE SLIMER...



Story **BAMBOS** Art and Lettering **BAMBOS** Colouring **SPOLLY**

LOVE-SICK!



IN JUST 7 DAYS

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 221** In this week's exciting issue there's another chance to read **Wanted – Galvatron, Dead or Alive**, by Furman and Senior, in which the mighty Death's Head made his debut. **PLUS** Part Three of **Survivors**, by Furman and Stokes, and Part Two of **Divergent Paths**, the Action Force Story by Hama, Wagner and McCleod.

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 52** There's a nasty Name-Gremlin on the loose – looks like a job for the Real Numbly Beltshavers ... sorry, the Real Ghostbusters, in a Dan Abnett tale. Egon makes rather a spectacle of himself in **Trouble Vision**, by Watson, Elliott and Abadzis, and there's a club-wielding caveman in **Neanderthal Nightmare**, by Brenner, Williams and Smith.

☐ **DOCTOR WHO 150** In this special giant-size bumper issue the **Ice Warriors** make an appearance, along with the **Cybermen**, and the villainous **Master**. There

are also exclusive photographs from the classic 1965 story, **The Dalek Master Plan**. **PLUS** 20 BBC videos must be won in our exciting competition!

☐ **ACTION FORCE 13** Destro is being held prisoner in Action Force's London base and so long as he remains there, the city must face the wrath of Cobra! **The Prisoner** is by Alan and Smith.

DON'T MISS...

☐ **DEATH'S HEAD 8** **Time Bomb**, by Parkhouse and Wetherall features a fantastic guest appearance by the Doctor, of Doctor Who fame, in an explosive time travelling story that sees our mechanoid hero alter the course of history!

ON SALE NOW!

me Rose
YOU'VE SEEN THE FILM...

YOU'VE BOUGHT THE COMIC...

NOW READ THE BOOKS!

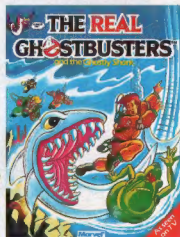


What would you do if you found hundreds of naughty, miniature Stay Puft men coming up from your toilet? Find out what happens to the Ghostbusters in *THE RETURN OF MR STAY PUFT!*



If you're scared of sharks – imagine how the Ghostbusters felt when they dived

into the sea, knowing that, somewhere, lurking in the depths, there was a giant *GHOSTLY SHARK*.

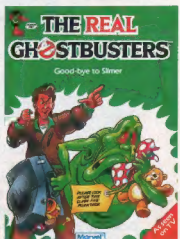


Don't go looking in the crazy mirrors at the *FOREVER FAIR* – your face may turn into a monster. Would you dare ride on a ghost-train that was even too realistic for the Ghostbusters?



When the Ghostbusters are forced to throw Slimer out on the streets, the

lonely, friendless but lovable green ball of gunge soon gets up to mischief in *GOODBYE TO SLIMER*.



You can find these books in all good bookshops and read about what REALLY happens when people have to call THE GHOSTBUSTERS.

MARVEL
BOOKS